THE COMMONWEAL

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ONE HIGHWAY

FROM almost every point of view the Lutheran World Convention, now in session in Copenhagen, constitutes an interesting moment in the history of religion. The layman is accustomed, of course, to identifying Lutheranism with Germany, and must therefore be especially attentive to the situation in Prussia, where the Diet recently signed an agreement with the Holy See regulating the status of Catholic organization. Plans for a similar accord with the evangelical churches have already been announced and will, no doubt, be underwritten soon. Ultimately, therefore, relations between church and state in Prussia must find themselves upon an entirely novel basis. Something like legal parity between Catholicism and Lutheranism will be established in the traditional stronghold of Los-von-Rom Christianity. That many evangelicals are worried about this has long since been no secret. Possibly, even, it is merely the assault upon all religion in the name of a neo-socialistic materialism which has prevented their anxiety from evoking a crisis. The matter has been discussed earnestly at Copenhagen though normally in a temperate way.

Other matters have, however, been taken no less seriously. Lutheranism is now profoundly conscious of the circumstance that, regardless of all rampant sectarianism, it is one of the four great non-Catholic societies in western Christianity. The others are Calvinism, Anglicanism and the churches dissident from Anglicanism. How then can Lutheranism take advantage of this situation and achieve greater unity and international solidarity? This question has been approached from three points of view. First came the suggestion that an international organization—a world bureau—be founded to give advice pertaining to matters of discipline, pastoral activity and doctrine. One speaker declared that he could keep on "for hours" enumerating problems about which there was no consensus of opinion, and in the treatment of which a habit of "temporizing with the spirit of the times" was evident. Next was heard a plea for intellectual unification, possibly through the medium of a central university or institution for research. This idea might well seem attractive to many Lutherans, far in advance of all the other groups save Anglicanism in their appreciation of the intellectual aspects of religion.

How much reference these suggestions have to Catholic Rome is perfectly obvious. Lutheranism wants a centrally established authority and a unified

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intelligence. That both these have been conserved in the "old Church" from which the burly Augustinian friar of the late middle-ages broke away is a fact which is as undeniable as it has been immeasurably beneficent. The extent to which it has entered the Lutheran consciousness was reflected in the thoughtful speech which Dr. Nathan Söderblom, archbishop of Upsala, addressed to the Convention. This is no mere exhorter, no unlettered man, but one whose studies have been carefully weighed even in Catholic circles. Luther, he said, had not intended to break away from Rome when he nailed his theses to the door of Wittenberg cathedral. It was Rome which "expelled him from fellowship with the worldly papal power." Then the question followed: "Would the Rome of today, with its clear understanding of spiritual values, have done the same?" Too much must not, of course, be written into these words. They presage no spectacular conversion, no startling Catholic springtime in the North. But they are the climax of yearning and of insight which is added unto the discernment, so widespread and profound, of the needs of Christianity in modern life.

May it be that, in our generation, the grace of heaven is guiding those who struggle to effect, inside Protestantism, a greater unity, a steady surmounting of arbitrary individualisms? The times exact of no one a perfunctory, enforced adherence to any church. Those who do wish to belong, however, seek that "community life" which is one of the most permanent aspects of Christianity. And so the several branches of Protestantism might well succeed in effecting, within themselves, more of that life. It would be an excellent thing, and the sign written above religion in our age is manifestly not "union between the churches" but "peace between the churches." Then, some say, with God's help and at the appointed moment in the world's development, the larger cleavages will grow evident in all their ghastliness. It will be discerned that, for diverse reasons, humanity has allowed itself to tear asunder the great integral Mystical Personality of its Master and His sons. It will grow clear, as He wills and as men deserve, that the Church is one thing and the world simply another, between which choice is an all-determining "must." We hope that the Copenhagen Convention is one little step toward that ultimate goal, to be reached only through charity.

This virtue is not without its own symbols, the most important of which are not identified with outward rites. One may well wonder if all recent "turning to Catholic externals"—incense and vestments, plainchant and sainted images—has really meant, in any profound sense, a return to the Church. But one cannot well doubt that a hunger for unity, for the corporate life of Christendom, revealed in the desire for a common authority and a common practice, is an eminently hopeful sign. If it should be written over Lutheranism, centuries of history might ultimately be rewritten constructively and understandingly.

WEEK BY WEEK

MANY circumstances attending the reconciliation between Church and state in Mexico are genuinely romantic. The return of priests to their congregations and of bishops to their sees; the restoration of churches to their rightful owners; the assembling of vast congregations at Mass, after a long period of deprivation: these things are unusual enough in themselves, and probably without a parallel in history. But a more immediate glamour attaches to hundreds of personal episodes. The disbanding of the "Cristeros," as the forces of religious revolutionists were called, restored to their homes thousands of men who, during several years, conducted one of the most thrilling guerilla campaigns on record. Archbishop Orozco y Jimenez, whose refusal to leave Mexico and whose ability to elude detection veiled him in a blanket of mystery, appeared again in public with a narrative of adventure fascinatingly dramatic. Last but not least, our dear friend Bishop Diaz, whose sojourn in the United States was often so dark with foreboding, is now primate of Mexico and able to minister once again to his beloved people. He placed his faith in prayer, and has not been disappointed.

Aspects of the Mexican Settlement

FROM the American point of view, great interest attaches to the help which Ambassador Morrow secured from his Catholic fellow-men. Here the leading part was taken by Father John J. Burke, general secretary of the N.C.W.C., whose trip to Mexico for a conference with General Calles was authorized by Rome and undertaken during the early months of last year. Diplomacy had adroitly opened a door which later events and other forms of pressure were to push still farther ajar. It is reported that Father Burke then initiated a conference of the Mexican hierarchy, at whose instance Archbishop Ruiz proceeded with the work of establishing a new modus vivendi. This was, perhaps, the most important and difficult task ever undertaken by the N.C.W.C., and Father Burke's skill cannot be too deeply appreciated or too warmly commended. During the final negotiations, Father Edmund A. Walsh, whose sojourn in Russia had prepared him for an equally crucial experience in Mexico, acted as special representative of the Holy See. Never before, in all likelihood, have ecclesiastical diplomatic missions of so delicate and vital a character been entrusted to American priests. But the whole Mexican story has been extraordinary, and the end is not yet. One cannot easily doubt that the United States has assumed greater responsibilities to the south than ever before. The economic and political destiny of Mexico is now linked closely with the policy of the United States, and both adroit action as well as a certain amount of luck are needed. There is hope in the mood of good-will with which the press and the public have received, generally speaking, the news of

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the reconciliation between Portes Gil and the hierarchy of his country.

Making a Noise

PERHAPS the Fourth which has just been celebrated was safer and saner than many which preceded it, but the list of casualties recorded in the press on the following morning demonstrates that the ideal is far from attainment. Premature explosions, misdirected bullets and even dynamite figured largely as causative agencies. Patriotism, which many dust off and air on the anniversary of our independence, apparently is most effectively expressed by the sole expedient of making a noise. The ban on the sale of fireworks, which some localities have legalized, has often proved to be a boomerang in its effect, since more jubilant souls have substituted pistols and homemade detonators for the giant cracker and Roman candle. Campaigns for safety and sanity have, in consequence, more or less nullified the work which embodied their good intentions. It would be far more direct to strike at the fundamental fallacy that makes July 5 reading so appalling—the fallacy that noise is synonymous with celebration. Certainly traditional observance has lent a semblance of truth to this belief, but the traditional observance is as outmoded as warpaint. "Fun for the kiddies" and "being a child again" are insufficient excuses for a practice that is decidedly getting out of bounds.

OTHER curious, though scarcely novel, Independence Day celebrations were contributed by the orators. Following the modish stressing of Anglo-American brotherhood, amity and unity, Lord Reading at the Fourth of July dinner of the American Society in London bubbled over into the statement that the War of 1776 dated the creation of such estimable bonds between the two countries. He made a cursory bow to history by stipulating that "the War of 1812 was just a painful little after-thought, a sort of accident which did not count." President Hibben of Princeton University, chief speaker at the dinner, supported the idea by a nice bit of local color when he hailed as a "symbol of the destiny which has brought our two nations together" the fact that after the Revolutionary battle of Princeton the American and British dead were buried in the same grave. He was further moved, despite his foreseeing the possibility of being severely criticized here to state that the United States was most generous in its war debt settlements. However, in Paris, the French Minister of Finance, M. Henri Cheron, who was guest of honor at the banquet of the American Chamber of Commerce, declared that since he came from "a district famed for its shrewd business men," he could understand the custom "in settling up an old account, for the creditor [the United States] to give a dinner for the debtor [France]." Yes, verily, the noise making was not limited to the shooting off of firecrackers.

Where the Brew Begins

THAT grape juice can be made palatable and potent is a theory no one will deny but one which was recently proved in an individual application before the St. Louis, Missouri, federal court. There one unfermented products company was defending its wares against the taunts of another, and used as part of its evidence letters from Arthur Robinson Gould, United States senator from droughty Maine. "I am about as loyal to the prohibition element as some of these southern Democrats are to the Democratic party," he declared in the first epistle, adding that he considered a "license for light wines and beers" an imperative national requirement. Later on he reported that the grape juice purchased was doing nicely, indeed, since "the pressure was so great that the head of the keg was bulged." These admissions naturally did not amuse various custodians of Volsteadism. The senator, however, appealed effectively to vox populi and theology: "The people in my section make wine from elderberry flowers and grapes. God Almighty put those flowers and vines on earth and He intended them to be used." But, after all, it is a mean trick to put a conundrum like that up to Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

Wisdom for Educators

NUMBERLESS platters of wisdom have been served to educational conventions during the past weeks, and we have been struck in particular with much that was said under Catholic auspices. As usual the talk oscillated between what can be done about the student, and what for (and about) the teacher. Even now the parochial school serves only a majority of Catholic young folk, and it is well worth wondering whether the others are receiving the attention they should get. The teacher is now in demand especially for higher educational institutions, there being more than one hundred and fifty colleges with an average student enrolment of 500. But how shall he be secured? Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of Marquette University, offered two suggestions which—though they may need refinement in detail—are certainly worthy of comment. Finance is the necessary cement of institutionalized endeavor. It seems impossible, however, to secure it from Catholic men of wealth unless the fundamental rules of giving are observed. About the only big-time plan for putting these rules into effect is the Marquette idea of a board of governors entrusted with the financial development and control of the university. Though it may be open to criticism on a number of points, the plan manifestly deserves close study and plentiful attention.

DEAN FITZPATRICK also frankly recognized the need for "talking points" in the quest for financial assistance to education, and proposed that the schools find the solution for a number of important problems. These are: "The best organization of our parochial

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school system. The reorganization of religious instruction in the elementary school, high school and college. The formulation of a Catholic educational and social literature permeated with the Catholic viewpoint, and not unmindful of the history of the fields and the contributions of non-Catholics everywhere. The provision of a series of text-books for Catholic schools conformable to Catholic ideals, and at least as good as the best, if not better than those used in the public schools. A college course in philosophy capable of influencing all learning and functioning in the daily world view of the student in college and after. The application of the principle of the encyclical On the Condition of Labor to the actual circumstances of contemporary industrial life. Plans for teacher training adequate to the demands of fundamental Christian living in a democratic society." Doubtless the Dean is right when he feels that an earnest campaign for a program of this character would bring results. Why not try it?

News from Wichita

ANOTHER educational development of unusual interest has been announced by the Reverend Leon McNeill, superintendent of Catholic education for the diocese of Wichita, Kansas. School sisters of the district, though anxious to secure additional teacher training, naturally faced with considerable misgiving the prospect of joining a wild young state-university crowd. The problem has been solved in a way which is, we believe, novel in the United States. Wichita's municipal university has entered a contract to establish a Sisters' College as a branch summer school, and to maintain it for as long a time as circumstances may require. The university director is granted "such general supervision over the branch summer school as may be necessary to comply with the laws," but the "internal management" is to remain wholly "in the hands of the diocesan school office." Courses of study and faculty membership will be subject to the scrutiny of both. In return for the advantages gained, a nominal fee for each student enrolled is paid to the municipal university, which grants the usual honors, credits and privileges. The arrangement looks like a very fine way out of a difficulty, and merits watching. Ultimately, so we are informed, the diocese plans to establish its own, self-accredited and full-time college.

For Henri Massis

SO MANY literary prizes are offered nowadays that none is markedly distinctive, but special interest is always attached to the Grand Prix which the Académie Française awards for "the whole of an author's work." We are happy to note that the recipient this year is Henri Massis, whose several contributions to The Commonweal have been widely appreciated. One may not always agree with him, particularly when there is question of what is vaguely termed "Latin civilization," but it is impossible not to relish his courage, his upright spirit and his logical power. Lucien Dubech has called him "le grand rectificateur," and few among the French younger generation have made a better or more lasting impression. Massis's best-known books are, perhaps, those Jugements which have analyzed the "relativity" of various modern thinkers and proposed a return to objective criteria. Defense of the West has appeared in translation, and almost everybody interested in such matters knows that incisive book, dedicated to the state of mind of post-war France, which the author signed with the pen-name Agathon and which was one of the earliest symptoms of a Catholic renascence. In honoring him the Académie doubtless recognized his beneficent influence as a moralist, thus offsetting with its approval some of the popularity of André Gide. We join in the applause sincerely and jubilantly.

Souls in Wedlock

THOUGH a few American families are still living in relative peace, the tendency to acquire divorces has not abated. Remedial nostrums in plenty are on the market, but the disease rambles on at a pace which has lately alarmed many who pin no faith to the sane old Catholic prescription. Thus a divine is reported as declaring that "clinging firmly to one stride in the marriage march is an elementary sign that one has not gone the broad and easy way," and a psychologist has been heard averring that "divorce is a symptom of social neurosis." More light is thrown on the matter, it seems, by a recent paper by Dr. Edwin J. Cooley. This deals, it is true, with prediction in criminal reform, and declares that science is now able to tabulate those who, possessing as they do a given heredity and environmental complex, are likely to commit repeated felonies and larcenies. Would it not be an excellent idea for judges to prepare similar charts for divorcees and their partners? Publication of these would be something like a matrimonial stock bulletin, giving fair warning of bad investments and impending alimonies. More seriously, who can help noting the dire moral and spiritual plight of so many who rank high in American achievement but pay the price for inward emptiness in terms of marital separation and scandal? The records are not pleasant to read, but they are an index to deeply rooted maladies of the soul. A spectator can only say: In Reno veritas!

Burial at El Golea

FEW caravans have wound across the desert bringing so precious a burden as that which recently traveled more than two thousand miles in quest of the body of Father de Foucauld. For this "saint of the Sahara" the land of the Touaregs had verily been home, and to its inhabitants he was grateful even for martyrdom. But his compatriots and brethren in religion wanted, naturally

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enough, to bring what remained of his body to a place where it would be safer and easier to visit. Accordingly Father de Foucauld now lies awaiting the resurrection in the little Christian cemetery at El Golea, which is only a day's journey beyond the fringes of Algiers. No doubt this most illustrious of modern missionaries will soon be beatified, so that the universal Church will pray to one whose tomb is in the desert. Who knows but that eventually, as a result of his example, El Golea may be as definitely a place of pilgrimage for Arab Africa as Mecca itself? Appropriately enough, the heart of the great solitary was left behind among the people whom he strove to win. Thus western Europe, as it kneels at the grave of a holy man, will know that his spirit summons some still farther into the wilderness.

The Expensive Luncheon Guest

TO THOSE who have a luncheon on their hands without a guest of honor, we recommend Mr. John Dollard, assistant to the President of the University of Chicago, who we feel has expressed fully, if somewhat idiomatically, the sentiments of many banqueting committees, in his telegram to Count Ilya Tolstoy's agent in New York. The Count it seems, was scheduled to lecture at the University while on his interesting and, no doubt, lucrative tour of America. The University authorities, with an eye to the amenities, suggested to Mr. Reid that they would like to tender the Count a luncheon following his talk. Mr. Reid wired in reply that the acceptance would be gladly made for an "extra $50.00." Of course the obvious step for Mr. Dollard, acting in behalf of the university, was to surrender cheerfully the promise of another fee. But he did not do so. Instead he seized (we believe with no hesitation) a telegram blank and wired. "How do you get that way? We might be able to afford breakfast or a chocolate soda with the Count. What is your scale for tea and toast with Tolstoy? Does the Count buy his own lunch? Also go jump in the lake."

Reading for the Sports Fan

AS SUMMER gets under way, the sporting news invariably takes on an international tinge. Mr. Ruth is the sole important exception to this law. Mr. Ruth has no international connotations whatsoever, yet he unquestionably is news, whether he is occupied in breaking his own record, as he was last year, or in not breaking it, as—on account of an interesting illness—he is this year. Generally speaking, however, this is the season for tournaments and the rumors of tournaments; and these, by the logic of modern communications and the modern wide diffusion of sporting activity, have become arenas in which nations exchange that courteous hostility, and interlock in that deadly effort masked in casualness, which make amateur sport so illogical and so fascinating. Mr. Jones's terrific defeat of Mr. Espinosa is not technically in this category, though Mr. Espinosa is a Spaniard; but Mr. Jones is such a gigantic figure in his field that the papers are even now working up a very authentic excitement over his proposed invasion of Great Britain next year. Similarly, the challenge of the Hurlingham Club to the United States Polo Association for the 1930 games is already the theme of active conjecture and thrilled anticipation. The Wimbledon matches, what with the losses of the immortal Tilden and the wins of the immortal Wills, have been good for columns. And the most columns of all are being devoted, and will be devoted, to the question of whether Mr. Max Schmeling, the white hope of Germany, will or will not be permitted by his ex-manager to fight Mr. Jack Sharkey, our outstanding contender for the heavyweight championship of the world. So, whether the sport fan prefers his athletes to be amateurs or inclines rather to the realism of the professionals, he has his reading cut out for him.

General Booth's Last March

PHOTOGRAPHS of the funeral of General Bramwell Booth, as reproduced in our newspapers, have not failed to make a deep impression. England described the event by means of a comparison with the obsequies of Wellington, but that tells only half the story. It is one thing to become a nation's greatest soldier in a martial era, and another to establish a "religious mission" for the poor. Intellectually the Salvation Army has never amounted to much. Its theology would render it forever laughable to the French, and its jubilant refusal to become sophisticated hampers its effectiveness in America. But it does do corporal and spiritual works of mercy, wherfore the critics bless it. One may see in the recent funeral new evidence that the Labor movement in Great Britain is compounded of the country's best traditional fibre, and so is (as Mr. Steed has said so frequently) deeply religious in feeling. We who talk so much of the "practical Englishman" often forget that he is the "mystical Englishman" also, sometimes muddled, frequently wrong, but changelessly "pious" as almost no other race on earth.

The Helping Hand

PERHAPS awe is the only emotion with which to regard the annual report of Mr. Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office, who sees in the great masses of the world a movement toward a higher culture, intellectual emancipation and moral improvement. Awe, we say, not only because of the brightness of the picture, but because of the faith which he has in it. He is just realist enough to admit that there are still innumerable prejudices separating the peoples of the world and retarding acceleration of the movement. But these will be avoided, erased, by establishing equitable and humane working conditions for all, thus eliminating for instance, the first cause of the superiority in which

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some groups hold themselves, and the reason behind all reasons why they will not admit fraternity with others. We wonder if some of the eminent director's rhetoric is not designed to placate European elements which have resented the willingness of the Labor Office to make a survey of wage conditions for Mr. Ford. At any rate, it is probable that his opinions will be so interpreted in Paris, where there has been so much advertising of the American plan to elevate Europeans—and particularly to elevate the French.

QUIET AND PROFITABLE

MR. MELLON'S little error in computing the nation's income need disturb nobody. The national surplus proved to be ten times larger than the sum he had predicted, but who will regret that? Tax rates should, possibly, have been lower; it may be that the government ought to have been more liberal. At all events the money has been collected without serious injury to any large private fortune, and the nation has enjoyed its birthday with the customary zest. Few of us observe that war indebtedness still totals nearly seventeen billion dollars, and that hay continues to be a fair-weather product. Even these figures, however, look less formidable under analysis; and the tug of war between those who want the federal government to spend and those who do not want the federal government to collect is bound to wax more fierce than ever. Both sides have strong arguments in their favor. The citizens who pay often feel that Washington is not in a position to give much in return, and that it ought to find a sufficient stipend in customs and similar sources of income. We are all affected most by immediate, local needs, raising money for which often seems very difficult.

When income taxation was first proposed, it seemed a "great equalizer." Roosevelt's notion that wealth should cease to grow when a certain point had been reached was very popular, and the sheets which have to be handed in by March 15 seemed to be effective recipes. But are they? Despite all revisions, the man at the bottom is the only person who has much difficulty signing a check; and we are no longer so firmly convinced anyhow that fortunes ought to be limited. On the last-named point, Mr. Mellon himself can give expert testimony. What has really happened is fairly simple. Income taxation has been merged quietly into the general routine of business, and the federal government has been gradually extricated from business. The whole tendency is toward restricting the activity of Washington, and toward a conviction that the several states ought to dispose of their own problems.

But what is the situation in the state? A number of commonwealths have income-tax laws, so that citizens are faced with the exceedingly difficult duty of making out two pay vouchers for virtually the same purpose at practically the same time. The attitude of industry in a given part of the country is often determined, too, on the basis of those vouchers. In short, the individual state, which might desirably use this system of gathering in coin, is handicapped by many circumstances. And yet this same state is now unavoidably shouldering both its normal burdens and some of the loads which one used to consider the especial concern of federal government. Has the time come to ask if income taxation ought to be a state privilege only? Doubtless an affirmative answer is impeded by the existence of several major difficulties, among which checking up on drought is one. Yet even if the road were clear it would be firm and easily traversed only after a bit of preliminary engineering.

Coöperation between states has never amounted to much. One reason has obviously been the habit of considering government in forty-eight capitals a merely political contrivance, the ultimate object of which was to devote as much attention to national elections as might be possible. Conferences between governors have been few, and the repercussions upon legislative bodies almost nil. Today we realize the need for more uniform inheritance, domestic and regulatory laws, but progress toward conformity is slow. Why expect, as a consequence, the states to agree upon income-tax legislation? Yet if they could agree, and if this tax could be used uniformly as a method of meeting the cost of local improvements, the business of the citizen would be greatly simplified. No one doubts either that community finance bristles with problems, or that the endeavor to solve these in the spirit of a community is still at any early stage of development.

The several states have never been trained to think or to act in unison, excepting for the calamitous attempt at confederation which brought on the Civil War. During the past sixty years we have seldom permitted ourselves to reflect, apart from passing moments of reaction, upon the potentialities of state coöperation. Nevertheless it is precisely from this side that the question of education, for instance, needs to be approached. If adequate schooling for all be a civic good, a community which draws from another hordes of citizens unsatisfactorily trained is necessarily interested. But what can it do? Turning to the federal government would only imply a confession of failure. At present, however, few states realize that they are individuals, competent to talk things over with their peers.

Here, then, is a field of statecraft which awaits development, and inside which the opportunities are almost worthy of an Alexander himself. We suggest that a President of the United States committed to the belief that his administration must be freed of old jobs rather than afflicted with new ones might call the first adequate conference of governors and outline a program of coöperation which they might then gradually insert into the normal outlines of government. The experiment would certainly be worth trying, and it could do no harm.

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DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITIES

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

IT IS not easy to distinguish between the comic and the tragic in the situation created in Washington by Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador. No doubt he has been influenced in arriving at his decision to make no more requests of the government of the United States for the admission of alcoholic beverages for the use of his embassy, by the rather invidious position in which his country has been placed by the I'm Alone case and the smuggling of liquor from the British West Indies and Canada, as well as by certain other considerations. It is probable, however, that the rising tide of invective from some of the militant drys of Congress, and the agitation among dry circles in the country generally, have been the deciding factor, and herein lies the cause for anxiety on the part of other members of the diplomatic corps. His action clearly affords an entering wedge for the abolishment of certain privileges of diplomats which already are subject to question.

Although, of course, Sir Esme speaks for himself and not for his government—much less for other governments which may be interested in the matter—there is enough of serious import behind what he has done to lead other diplomats, and perhaps their governments, to take action along the same line. Newspaper despatches report that President Portes Gil of Mexico has recently taken steps to restrict the use of alcoholic beverages in Mexico, and at a recent reception in Washington the Mexican embassy refrained from serving wines or liquors. In Chile the government has embarked upon a campaign for the restriction of drinking; and while the Chilean ambassador at Washington in a tart little release to the newspapers says that the embassy has heretofore made no comment as to the importation of alcoholic liquors, is making no comment now and will not "consider it necessary to issue any public statement should it decide to suspend the importation of liquor," the real point to the matter is that the possibility of suspending it is envisaged.

Diplomatic immunities reach back into the dimness of the earliest intercourse existing between nations. It was deemed utterly inconsistent with the idea of sovereignty that any sovereign should at any time or place be subject to the laws of another nation. Upon the same principle, it was found convenient and even necessary that the same freedom from restrictions should be granted the ambassadors, ministers and other diplomatic representatives of such sovereigns, and these immunities in due time were extended to diplomatic representatives when they became more or less permanent residents of receiving nations.

First of all the inviolability of the persons, property and suites of such representatives was recognized. The logical result of this principle was that they should be free from local and domestic restrictions; and this general freedom is embodied in a doctrine often erroneously referred to (as a result of a chance phrase of Grotius) as "extraterritoriality"—a convenient fiction that the "dwelling place and equipages" of a diplomatic representative are regarded as a portion of the territory of his own country. Such really is not the case even in a fiction of law, and the term is not to be confused with that "extraterritoriality" exercised by various nations at times in the jurisdiction over their own citizens in the territory of another nation. At all events it came to be a rule, partly of common international law and partly as a result of treaty stipulations, that diplomats in their official status should be free from all criminal and civil jurisdiction in the countries to which they are accredited.

This principle is not only recognized by all civilized nations but it is usually embodied in national laws. Great Britain was among the first of the nations to include it in her statutes. In the United States it is provided by statute that

> a diplomatic representative possesses immunity from the criminal and civil jurisdiction of the country of his sojourn and cannot be sued, arrested or punished by the law of that country

and severe penalities are provided against anyone who attempts to violate this immunity. The instructions of the United States government to its own diplomatic representatives also declare:

> Neither can he waive his privilege except by the consent of his government; for it applies to his office and not to himself.

And it is naively added:

> It is not to be supposed that any representative of this country would intentionally avail himself of this right to evade just obligations.

This immunity from local jurisdiction extends to a diplomatic representative's person, his dwelling house and goods and to the archives of his mission. It applies to his household including his "servants," domestic and otherwise, but especially to the secretaries of his mission.

It is with respect to minor officers, attachés and employees that there has been most of the tendency to restrict these immunities in recent years. Liquor and motor cars have been the occasion of most discussion of the subject in the United States. The only remedy a host nation has for a violation of its laws by members of a diplomatic mission has been in the recall of such representatives by their governments. While Elihu Root was Secretary of State—a period which

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coincided with the rapid development of the automobile and the speed mania—the authorities of the District of Columbia and several neighboring states were continually embarrassed by diplomats of various hues and degrees disregarding the speed laws and traffic regulations. When the violators were interfered with they promptly claimed diplomatic immunity. The eminent Secretary of State met the scandalous situation by the announcement that any diplomat found to be habitually violating such laws and regulations would promptly be brought to the attention of his government as a candidate for recall. From time to time there have been other cases of the sort, but the danger of recall has worked as an effective check.

It is out of this general immunity to civil and criminal law in the countries to which they are accredited that there has arisen that right or privilege of diplomats to the import of goods for their own use free of duty, or to the import of goods otherwise prohibited. Though this privilege rests on a somewhat different basis from the right of inviolability and freedom from criminal and civil law it is, nevertheless, fully as well established. Not only has the principle been established as a recognized rule of international law but it has been embodied, by implication at least, in treaties to which the United States is party. Nearly all nations limit by law the manner in which the privilege shall be exercised, and some nations limit the amount of personal effects which are allowed free importation. Practically all nations are prompt to raise question in cases where the amounts imported seem to be excessive, and although such cases usually are settled diplomatically, they are none the less promptly and effectively dealt with. I remember a case in a South American republic a score of years ago in which the accredited minister of a European nation imported eleven pianos in the course of less than two years. This representative was especially popular among the people of his nationality in the nation of his sojourn. When he departed for his home country on leave of absence dozens of launches followed his vessel to sea with whistles blowing and sirens shrieking. Later it was found that he had been importing pianos for his nationals free of duty under diplomatic privileges; and he never returned to his post.

So far as the situation at Washington is concerned, there is little or nothing to indicate that there has been any serious abuse of diplomatic privileges in connection with the importation of wines and liquors. From time to time charges that embassy liquor was being more or less freely distributed have been bandied about in Congress and outside, but investigation has shown no serious breach of privilege; nor is it likely that any responsible diplomat, who alone has the right to ask for permits for importations of this sort, would knowingly lend himself to any such abuses, if for no other reason than the fact that detection would lead to his recall. Astute bootleggers, of course, have not failed to take advantage of the situation, but the "real embassy stuff" which tempts the unwary mostly arrives by the synthetic route.

There is in the present situation a question of real importance from a diplomatic standpoint as well as from the standpoint of the national prohibition law. It is essential to successful diplomacy that a diplomat maintain a high standing in the community in which he serves. If possible he must be popular. In any event he must be respected. If he wishes to serve his own country, he will seek to have a complete and sympathetic understanding of the people of the nation with which he establishes official relations. There is a growing feeling among diplomats in Washington that this cordial relation with the American people, which is so essential to their success, can hardly be expected so long as they continue to exercise—one might almost say flaunt—certain personal rights and liberties which are denied the people of the United States themselves, and which—whether rightly or wrongly is not at issue—are in opposition to the laws of the land and to the sentiments of at least a large portion of the American people.

Undoubtedly it is this feeling which has prompted the course of the diplomatic representative of His Britannic Majesty, and which lies at the bottom of the serious disturbance to diplomatic equanimity which that action has entailed. On the other hand no diplomat can divest himself of the privileges and immunities which are granted him under international law in this country except by the positive act of his own government and, to a certain extent at least, by cooperation on the part of the government of the United States. Accordingly, there is solid ground for the contention of many of the members of the diplomatic corps in Washington that they are in reality not demanding special privileges not accorded ordinary residents, but that they are upholding a principle of international law which is more important than any mere local or domestic law. The fact remains that it hardly seems necessary to import and serve alcoholic liquors to maintain a principle which, after all, is not seriously questioned.

There is no doubt that many of the privileges and immunities of diplomatic officers are no longer necessary or perhaps advisable. Many of them have been founded upon other times and other conditions which have no counterpart in conditions of the present day. The tendency among nations, more than once voiced by responsible statesmen in the United States and other countries, toward a revision and restriction of diplomatic immunities and privileges more in accordance with modern conditions and the requirements of modern diplomatic life, is founded upon that increasing common sense in international relations which is the best guarantee that, in the course of time, a better system will be devised. In the meantime, the British embassy in Washington has started a movement which will probably have more far-reaching results than even the ambassador himself contemplated.

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CARDINAL GASQUET: MAN OF LETTERS

By BISHOP SHAHAN

The significance of Francis Aidan Cardinal Gasquet is appreciated far beyond the limits of specifically Catholic circles. He was both a scrupulous historian and a charming man of letters. And yet who can doubt that his memory is particularly dear to those of his own faith? These have seen the kindly care which he gave to so many important ventures, in a time when Benedictine culture seemed an anomaly in England. No one is better fitted to summarize this career than Bishop Shahan, who has generously written for us a paper of which what follows is the first part.—The Editors.

IN THIS grandson of an émigré Catholic France has paid, as in Pugin and Belloc, some instalment of the debt of gratitude that since the French Revolution it owes to England. Born in London in 1841, and related by marriage to Cardinal Manning, he was educated by the Benedictines of Downside. He soon joined that community, and rose step-wise to its highest offices amid the esteem and confidence of his brethren. He had in him the stuff of masterful abbots of the mediaeval English type, and but for a long and serious illness would probably have figured among the foremost educators and outstanding builders of modern England. As it was, he left his mark on this great monastic house in the way of educational reform and improvements, the creation of the Downside Review, and the transept of the abbey church, one of the new architectural glories of England.

Condemned to a period of rest he went to London, took up residence near the British Museum, that mighty storehouse of universal learning, and was soon immersed in historical studies of an English and monastic interest. The first fruits of his researches, the two volumes of Henry VIII and the English Monasteries, appeared from 1888 to 1890. This great work immediately caught the attention of all historians, Catholic and Protestant. Its damning verdict on the king was accepted, almost without question, by the foremost historical scholars of England. It reversed forever, on new and indisputable evidence, the lying accounts of Foxe and Burnet as to monastic immorality.

For Abbott Gasquet proved that the lust of gain was the king's chief motive. Henry was cunning, however, and took care, as Francis Hackett says, "to divide his spoils with his peers, his officers and his industrials, the price for which many leaders of the laity were brought to compromise." After a careful examination of the charges of immorality so long current against the English monasteries, Abbot Gasquet concludes that

> it would be affectation to suggest that the vast regular body in England was altogether free from the grosser faults and immoralities. But it is unjust to regard them as existing to any but a very limited extent.

John James Blunt, an Anglican historian and theologian of the Church of England, agrees with Abbot Gasquet when he says that

> the morality or immorality of the monasteries has nothing to do with the question. The true facts are: the king wanted money. Wolsley's attempted reformation suggested an easy way of getting it, his agents were . . . fitted for an unscrupulous business, and partizan historians have looked up to the testimony of those false . . . agents as if it was that of good and true men.

In his recent work on The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram says:

> There is no evidence whatever to prove that the cloister fostered wickedness, or that its occupants were not living after a higher standard than the secular priesthood and those to whom they ministered.

In The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and Other Essays (1908) Abbot Gasquet presented the incredible finale of this enormous robbery of the English Church. It is the ever fascinating story of the venerable Abbot Richard Whiting, hung in chains in his eightieth year on Glastonbury Thor, the great hill overlooking the famous abbey that antedated the Angles and the Saxons. His head was fixed on the ruined gate of the already devastated monastery, his body cut into quarters and variously distributed. Thus perished, in an orgy of the grossest savagery, thousand-year-old Glastonbury, "by far the greatest spiritual and temporal representation of Catholic interests that survived in England," of whose ruined arches, piers and walls Mr. Cram says that they are even now

> so faultless in proportion, so wonderful in style, so marvelous in workmanship, that to the architect they are maddening beyond description.

The destruction of Glastonbury and the execution of its abbot were the last chapter of the king's warfare on the monastic life and order. Except for a few Cistercian wanderers in the wild hills of Wales, the Benedictine order was dead in England.

The Greater Abbeys of England (1908) is a delightful retrospect, in which Abbot Gasquet, with much historical and architectural comment, describes thirty-one of the most famous monasteries of England—a kind of mirror of the splendor and wealth which the king had confiscated, but of which, it is said, scarcely one-quarter (of 10,000,000 pounds) reached his grasping hands.

For the Camden Society Abbot Gasquet edited (1904) the Latin text of the Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia, thirteenth- and fourteenth-century

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documents of the Order of Prémontré, taken from an original register in the Bodleian Library and another (transcript) in the British Museum, an instructive record of the mediaeval career of that strong French community which once had thirty houses (alien priories) in England. From the view-point of pure scholarship it seems regrettable that Abbot Gasquet could not have devoted his many historical gifts solely to the scientific editing of, and commenting on, the yet abundant documentary material of English monasticism, instead of the more or less ephemeral service of Catholic apologetics for a society too ignorant to recognize or appreciate historical truth, or too prejudiced to see the sun when it shines.

Back of Henry VIII, however, lie 1,000 years of religious life and works, the glory of mediaeval England, and to that long period the good Abbot dedicated his English Monastic Life (1904) an exhaustive study based on manuscript sources, first-hand and official, and on the most reliable books, ancient and recent. This survey of mediaeval English monasticism is written with much sympathy and with an unequaled grasp of theory and practice. It remains our newest and best guide for the study of the ideals and our appreciation of the construction, equipment, administration and influence of English Benedictine monasticism from Bede and Alcuin to its collapse under Henry VIII.

Close kin to this work is the charming volume, Parish Life in Mediaeval England (1906) based similarly on official parochial and episcopal documents and on the best canonical and antiquarian writings. Both works are illustrated and form a unique encyclopaedia of Catholic religious life in mediaeval England. They should be in every Catholic library, private or public. The Abbot's interest in the old Celtic monasticism led him to edit (1904) on the occasion of the fourteenth centenary of the death of Gregory the Great, a rare old manuscript, Vita Antiquissima Sancti Galli, an early Latin life of the Irish founder of the famous monastery and school of Saint Gall in Switzerland.

The political and financial relations of England and the Holy See during the thirteenth century furnish the matter of Henry III (1216-1272)—London, 1905. The story is told "as far as possible in the language of the old chroniclers and of the letters and documents of the reign." Picking up the many tangled threads of the ecclesiastico-feudal relations of Rome and England, and of the frequent curial bestowal of English benefices on foreigners, mostly Italians, the author concludes that

> throughout the long and vexatious agitation, not only was there no attack made upon the spiritual supremacy of the Popes, but that supremacy over the Church Universal was assumed in every document emanating from England, and . . . was constantly asserted to have been established by Christ Himself.

In his The Life of Henry VI (1422-1461) the Abbot has put together in a persuasive way the traditions that have kept alive the humane and deeply religious reputation of the founder of Eton College and the builder of King's Chapel at Cambridge.

For a new edition of William Cobbett's The History of the Protestant Reformation (1824) the Abbot prepared a meaty introduction of some twenty pages in which he resumes and broadcasts the conclusions of the new school of social and economic historians of English life in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and affirms with fresh security the thesis, favorable to the Catholic Church, that the astonished Cobbett had borrowed from Lingard, whose "exact, calm, and judicial" pages Abbot Gasquet praises in his quality of fellow-worker in the same field of "documents and monuments."

Prolonged and first-hand research among the ecclesiastical and civil records of fifteenth-century England compelled him to face frequently the fact of the Great Pestilence, that "overwhelming calamity which fell upon England, in common with the rest of Europe, in the middle of the fourteenth century." Gasquet's new and unique documentary account of it appeared first in 1893 and was reprinted in 1908 as The Black Death of 1348 and 1349. To the account of this extraordinary visitation he laid several far-reaching changes, social, economic and religious, amid which the older England melted away, almost before the eyes of the people. Therewith the bases of a new order of life were laid bare as in an outgoing tide of faith and charity. He stresses the new independence of the serf, henceforth practically free of the soil, and able for the first time to "sell" his labor; the tremendous and significant loss of the maturer clergy and the new supply of clergy, very young, or over-aged, or inexperienced; the decline of the universities, the decay of monastic life, of the popular Franciscans, of the Norman tongue, with its richer culture and its continental contacts. While his conclusions were not accepted by every worker in this field, it was he who threw open and staked out, for England at least, the sources and consequences of one of mediaeval Europe's greatest public calamities. Apart from Denifle's La Désolation des Eglises de France, dealing with the Hundred Years' War, and the first volume of Janssen, I know no foreign counterpart to it.

The Protestant Reformation in England is so closely related in its origin and early course to the violent and unjust overthrow of the old monastic life, that Abbot Gasquet was naturally drawn to its discussion. In an outstanding critical work, Edward VI and the Book of Common Prayer, written in coöperation with his distinguished friend, Edmund Bishop, England's foremost liturgist, he laid bare in judicial style the steps by which Cranmer and his associates created the Anglican Book of Common Prayer in the short, and for them favorable, reign of the boy-king Edward VI. Until these Catholic writers undertook to study the origins of this official prayer-book of the

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new church, at once its breviary, missal, pontifical and ritual, there was known to historians "nothing but the book completed as it stands in print." They discovered and edited Cranmer's own, but hitherto unknown, liturgical reforms, chiefly of the breviary, as well as other documents, among them the notes of the parliamentary discussion that preceded (1549) the first Act of Uniformity—the only reliable information about a consultation of the English bishops on the new prayer-book; also, incidentally, the earliest report of a debate in Parliament. Of this momentous discussion there is no mention in contemporary English chronicles, though it was well known on the continent. Our writers opine that Somerset did not intend that more should be known of the real history of the book than he could help.

Abbot Gasquet's laborious years in the British Museum and the London Record Office now netted him a historian's fair reward. He discovered those original documents in which the mental processes of Cranmer, the head liturgist of the new religion, are visible in his own hand, notably the incorporation of no small part of the famous breviary of the Spanish Franciscan, Cardinal Quignonez, in its first edition (1535) and soon destined in its "second text" to run through some hundred editions. Without inquiring whether the change brought about was good or bad, the writers permit the actors of the new revolution to tell their own story. In this way they answer the natural questions as to the relation of the first prayer-book of Edward VI to the ancient service books of England, and to contemporary liturgical documents. The innovations of this fateful work, its sectarian inspiration, and its minutest sources were laid bare, a curious literary dissection possible only to the scalpel of modern research. That prayer-book was indeed a revolution. Local and diocesan usage of every sort was swept away and an absolute uniformity was prescribed for the whole realm—a thing unheard of in the ancient Catholic Church in England, no less than in France and Germany. As to the success of the new forms of divine service and common prayer, Gasquet and Bishop felt unable to refrain from making the following comment:

> In truth the imposition of the new service was effected only through the slaughter of many thousands of Englishmen by the English government helped by their foreign mercenaries. The old dread days of the Pilgrimage of Grace were renewed, the same deceitful methods were employed to win success, the same ruthless bloodshed was allowed in the punishment of the vanquished. Terror was everywhere struck into the minds of the people by the sight of the executions, fixed for the market days, of priests dangling from the steeples of their churches, and of the heads of laymen set up in the high places of the towns.

WHAT IS GIRL SCOUTING?

By ELSA G. BECKER

IT IS an interesting coincidence that, at a time when preventive social work and recreational method are being hailed as modern discoveries, the Church has raised to its altars an early nineteenth-century advocate of those very things. Villefranche says of Blessed Don Bosco that he was the first to adopt the preventive method, and that he placed play among his first recommendations. It is tempting at this point to reflect on the essential balance of God's saints, which has so often given them the uncomfortable knack of anticipating by a half-century or so some "modern" theory. "It is only saints that are not one-sided, because their centre is in God and their equilibrium is stable there," said a great educator. And after all, what does a mere century or an aeon, for that matter, mean to one who lives in close touch with Eternal Truth? Such a one might well be expected to put his finger on the human need of a few hundred years hence, and point the way to filling it.

Play as an important factor in the prevention of delinquency has been insisted upon by a whole host of authorities in their various fields. Probation officers, social workers, educators, clergy, are one in suspecting that the misuse of playtime has a share in moral deterioration among boys and girls. They hail with eagerness such wholesome play programs as the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Camp-fire Girls and the Pioneer Youth of America. And according to their measure of wisdom they bemoan the results of such studies as that which recently concluded that membership in one of the most prominent of these play programs does not affect one's sense of honor. According to the measure of their wisdom is said advisedly—according to their realization that natural aids to character formation can go so far and no farther. When the late Leo XIII wrote, in another connection from that under discussion, "But we must not despise or undervalue those natural helps which are given to man by the kindness and wisdom of God, Who strongly and sweetly orders all things"—he was far from suggesting that natural helps could rise to uttermost heights on nothing but a pair of earthly legs. The Blessed Salesian knew this well, for all his insistence on the importance of play. In his rule he wrote, "Frequent confession, frequent communion, daily Mass: these are the pillars which should sustain the whole edifice of education." He did not confuse the pillars with the plastering. He knew that without supernatural aids no human scheme for building moral tone could hope to succeed.

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It is refreshing to find an outstanding play program for girls of today that lends itself to such a combination of the natural and the supernatural. In practice as well as theory the Girl Scouts seem to have proved themselves adaptable to Catholic doctrine and tradition. Perhaps the strength of the Girl Scout program as an inter-denominational one lies in its claim to be just what it is—a play program with splendid possibilities for character formation. It does not pretend to substitute for a girl's religion, though it hopes to reinforce it, as any good natural foundation reinforces the supernatural. The Reverend Ernest R. Hull, S.J., whose books on character training are among Christian educational classics, writes thus of natural nobility:

> On the contrary it should be enlisted as an auxiliary to the weakness of human nature in after life, and not be ignored or despised merely because it is "natural" and does not count in itself for supernatural salvation.

There is one age-old method of breaking up undesirable habits, and it applies in the realm of play as elsewhere. The girl whose idea of a good time is the much-maligned movie must be offered a more attractive substitute. What the Girl Scouts have proved is that there is such a thing. The growing girl with a few hobbies to her credit, with initiative stimulated and inner resources developed, is not inclined to be content again with second-rate pastime of the passive sort. Many a young thing has got a taste for better fun through Girl Scouting. They may join lured by a woodsy green uniform and the promise of adventure along the trail. But they are bound to emerge with at least a glimpse of the possibilities of fun that is not subject to the possession of material things and is, to a certain extent, dependent on the individual's own approach and spirit.

The kind of play that depends on imagination and ingenuity may have been easily enough achieved "when we were very young," but the golden age has passed and even much of so-called play is tinseled amusement of an altogether artificial and stimulating kind.

A fortunate element in the situation is that girl nature has not changed. It is Eve-like in its potentialities, its quivering eagernesses, dreams of heroism, unbounded energies and longing for wide experiences. Harness these forces to high-level play that calls forth effort and demands originality, and the result will be a more wholesome-minded girl. A Catholic sister, wise from a long experience of educational problems, wrote:

> The subject of play has to be considered from two points of view, that of the children and ours. Theirs is concerned chiefly with the present and ours with the future, for although we do not want every play hour to be haunted with a spectral presence that speaks of improvement and advancement, yet we cannot lose sight of the fact that every hour of play is telling on the future, deepening the mark of the character, strengthening the habits and guiding the lines of after life into this or that channel.

The activities of Girl Scouting revolve around outdoor living, home-making, and community service. How can these be associated with the play of growing girls? In that association seems to lie the genius of the program, which so weaves together these useful elements by means of playful competition, dramatization and experiment, that the result is a game rather than a task.

The Girl Scouts learn the worth and pleasure of work, of physical activity toward an end; they learn the secrets of nature at their source; and they find constructive interest and fun in household tasks otherwise often looked upon as dull and tiresome. They learn that home-making is vastly more than housework, that it implies the practice of many arts and graces, and like any game is a chance for skill. Community service suitable to their years is undertaken by Girl Scouts as junior citizens, members of a larger group than family or circle of intimates. Entering into these activities with a group of girls all striving together for the honor of their troop makes a fascinating game.

Weekly meetings are filled with all the things, traditional and modern, that girls have always loved to do. Active and quiet games, singing, folk-dancing, dramatizations, competitions, handicrafts, story-telling—are provided according to individual needs and inclinations. Subjects to become acquainted with are represented by something like fifty badges from which a girl makes her own selection. It is hoped that, by gaining a comprehensive view of several useful subjects, she may develop a hobby—blessed thing to have—or a vocation, or a wider acquaintance with the work of the world, or just a taste for persevering effort and the joy which goes with consciousness of the finished job.

All of this fits into a Catholic conception of leisure-time occupation for growing girls. And if the ideals of the central organization in respect to those two big elements of play—competition and awards—could more thoroughly carry over, an important Catholic attitude would be receiving welcome reinforcement. The Girl Scout idea of competition is based on that darling of present-day education, individual differences. The Scout has that most difficult of 100 percents to attain—her own. Tests permit of wide flexibility in rating, the big point being to ask the maximum effort of each girl. The person to beat is her own self, the record to surpass her own former one, and time is wasted that is given to constant comparison with another's record. Does this not smack refreshingly of the Gospel teaching which bids the swift abate his speed and the strong his strength if the price is the crushing or leaving too far behind of a slower brother in Christ?

And Girl Scout awards, or badges as they are called,

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have no intrinsic worth. The emphasis in awarding them is on the girl's responsibility for proficiency in the subject studied, and on a new plane of effort arrived at. The inner satisfaction of having done one's best is the goal. These high play ideals are, no doubt, far from general realization among 200,000 American Girl Scouts. It takes strong leadership to put them into action. And the magnitude of the task is increased by reason of the volunteer character of the leadership. But with more and more leadership-training facilities, and a growing conviction among laywomen that they "owe rather than own their surplus energy," whatever the obstacles they cannot but be overcome.

It is interesting that this program of play which offers an opportunity for social service of a preventive nature is drawing into its leadership ranks a splendid type of Catholic young women. But it would be surprising if it did not, in view of the appeal that familiar ideals make. The supernatural motivation needed to produce the perfect result is, after all, up to the individual. The needs of youth are closely identified with the use of leisure time. The problem seems to be one of investing recreation with the more spiritual elements that do re-create. Arrived at the solution we may motivate the results in any way that fits the case. For the Catholic young woman or growing girl, as for anyone, there is only one good ultimate reason for doing anything, whether it be playing a game or choosing a career. The Girl Scout program seems to dovetail very subtly with Catholic sentiment. Perhaps the secret of the correspondence is in an essential joyousness, as distinct from mere fun, that grows so surely out of thingless play.

Chenonceaux

A gilded flood past the white walls drifting;
Hollyhocks budding like Aaron's rod;
Vesperal birds their thin chants lifting
Where the cycles have written "Ichabod."

Mary is there; and her cap has edges
Of crisp "three-threaded thin-purled lace."
But Catherine glowers by the window ledges,
And why should she love a flower face

While four Scottish maids into wide ruffs prattle
Praise of Diane in her old parterre:
Loser at last in a ladies' battle,
The moon of the Huntress bright in her hair?

Threads of gold in a worn woof showing—
Some through a lacquer of scarlet strain—
Cast on our times by the memories flowing
Under the bridges of green Touraine.

But night flutters down on the haunted garden.
Idly recalling the grand days there,
The crescent moon, a malicious warden,
Smirks at himself in the star-strewn Cher.

HUGH ENNIS.

GOLD FISH AND MORALS

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

THOUGH not to be compared with the adventures of the well-known scientist who spent hours under tropic seas on terms of intimacy with strange sub-aqueous things, contemplation of the life in a goldfish bowl has many interests. It may even be profitable and offer illustrations of familiar truths in danger of the contempt of being forgotten.

The crystal globe stocked with plants and snails and fish, is a miniature of the world as it is represented to have been before man. Ours is on a window-sill where the light shining through makes every act of the occupants as unprivate as life in the world must be to God and to the saints and the angels in heaven. There are three fish in it. One is an ugly, cod-headed fellow of a very tarnished gold splotched with black, long and thin-bodied, short-tailed and brisk. The second is half fantailed, with a face and bulbous eyes like a Pomeranian, his fleur-de-lys tail trimmed with black, and the rest of his body gold. The third is a fantail with a short body almost red, black eyes, and a trailing white tail like the plumage of a bird of paradise. There are two snails: one, rather ordinary looking with a moss-green shell and a brown body and a snout like an elephant's trunk a fraction of an inch long; and the other, a Japanese snail with a light tortoise-shell conch and a coral body and a mouth, you might say, in the sole of his foot, never-endingly eating wherever he goes. The plants are for us nameless and look like the first spiny trees that might have covered the edge of the land when the world was in the making, before the great reptiles had crawled out of the slime. They grow from brain-stone corals picked up one day when in a flying boat I stopped out of the sky on a little deserted atoll off the coast of Haiti, for a dive into the indigo Caribbean to escape for a moment the burning sun in the indigo air. There is also a short coral tree, through the branches of which the fish seem to like to dart and to browse. Covering everything in the bowl is a fine soft grass, or water moss. Even the rounded shell of the little fancy snail is tufted with green hairs.

In this arena, the animal destinies from day to day are absorbingly interesting to watch. One seems tragic. We have had to intervene. It was the case of the fantail. He, or she, ("Sir, or Madame, truly . . .") was having that beautiful tail eaten to shreds by the others. He, or she, was heavy with beauty, an easy prey for the less aesthetic. She (let us decide this matter once and for all and without question call the subject, she) she could not swim as fast as the others, and as a matter of fact seemed inclined toward a quiet life, perhaps being of a contemplative disposition, who knows how poetical! Maybe she dreamt of love and life in a swift-moving stream far from the fifth floor window-sill of a New York apartment. Maybe she speculated on the effects on her destinies of the will of the odd mammoths outside her bowl. Anyhow, she would seek to relax on a bed of moss in the shade of the coral tree or of one of the vegetable trees, or perhaps perch in mid-bowl upon a branch. For a while she might be left in peace, unnoticed, undemanded and undemanding. Then surely one of the restless ones would come upon her. He (say it was a he) would look upon her not unselfishly, but for profit. A dash! Startle! Rapid flight! Peace destroyed! The calm one, her calm shattered, was minus some of her gold which had gone down the maw of the restless one. This was repeated not once, nor occasionally, but as habit grew into usage and the taste of the restless ones for gold increased, it became a weary,

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weary persecution and the strength of the persecuted, never great, seemed to be waning.

How different, the moralist might observe—and not irreverently—is, say, life dictated by an intelligence inspired by God: a convent of contemplative sisters, for instance, respected and supported by the restless ones of the world. Then the moralist suddenly envisages wrecked abbeys and convents, the former occupants scattered, the lands and possessions stolen by some of the restless ones more brooklessly restless than the others.

Staring mournfully into the bowl and contemplating that evolution and natural selection are empty terms except in application to the differences of forms and appearances, he dips in and saves the gentle goldfish from the ungentle—an annoying, no doubt, and unpredictable interference to the latter in the pursuit of their self-enrichment. At the same time he hopes, and not without precedent, that the Almighty from His eminence will disturb with His hand some of the seemingly natural pursuits of those who are governed by their innate natures, or by so-called laws of nature, and nothing more.

In the bowl the restless ones prey on each other's tails in an endless circle. Round and round they go, first one taking a nip at the other, then the other speeding up until finally he takes a nip at the fugitive and animated gold before him. There is balance in this, and though it is unrestful for a person looking into the globe for a few moments' forgetfulness of the world, there is a comic natural justice in it that calls for no intervention beyond the ken of the inmates of the microcosm.

Beach Party

Note how the very waves recede
In deference to Uncle Mead,
A man who holds all things in thrall,
So puissant and abdominal!

Amelia, who could never swim,
Plays solitaire along the rim,
Far more at ease when she's adorning
Her tepid bath at night or morning.

But lovely Kay achieves the raft,
A school of keen admirers aft,
As porpoises with rise and dip
Pursue a tidbit from a ship.

The little, leggy nephews paddle
The way a frog does from the saddle;
Then beachward rush in dripping togs
And shake themselves like friendly dogs!

Theophilus, a kind of vulture
Who eats the entrails out of culture,
Now makes precarious descent
Into an unknown element.

Young Phillip, born the family terror,
Would blush to be caught not in error—
The scapegrace of his home and school.
But watch him swim, the splendid fool!

Dismayed to find each old law broken,
And ladies' figures so outspoken,
Poor, modest Grandma sits and frets,
Her mind still clothed in pantalettes.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

COMMUNICATIONS

FOR AGGRESSIVE DEFENSE

Lewiston, Idaho.

TO the Editor:—Your issue of June 12 contains, under Communications, two letters of protest against the proposal of Mr. William M. F. Connelly, printed in The Commonweal of May 1. The suggestion made by Mr. Connelly appeals to me very much. Our problem does not relate to Mexico alone. It has to do with our neighbors; with those who, if they knew us better, would realize our claim to be real Americans, and at least would be willing to grant us a hearing when falsehoods are being spread abroad. I take it Mr. Bixel is not a member of the Knights of Columbus. If some individuals felt that intervention was proper, it may be stated that most of us felt that the error of this government was in supporting an obviously despicable régime in Mexico, and in refusing, at the same time, to permit those opposed to it the privilege of securing arms and ammunition in this country with which to protect themselves.

In my mind, it is essential that our people interest themselves deeply in the matter of molding public opinion, by the very simple method of giving that public the truth. It is notorious that this is not now being done, in matters vital to Catholics.

As to how our separated brethren look at it, I refer you to the enclosed clipping from the Morning Oregonian, giving an Associated Press despatch from Miami. It is a sane way. It is not a case of argument. It is a case of circulating the truth, and I hope this will be arranged.

"Establishment by the church of chains of daily newspapers which would 'place the truth and moral betterment of the people above the cash box' was advocated yesterday by Bishop James Cannon, jr., in an address before the Florida Methodist conference in session here today.

"Asserting that 'the secular press actually is leading the fight against the Eighteenth Amendment,' Bishop Cannon said: 'If the moral forces of the nation want assistance from the press for the betterment of moral conditions, the practical way to secure it is to buy or establish newspapers which will sincerely and aggressively stand for the truth, justice and righteousness.'

"The Methodist leader suggested that such papers be 'strategically located in centres of population.'"

C. A. HAWKINS,
Secretary, Idaho Catholic Laymen's Association.

EXIT THE COMMONER

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Referring to your editorial Exit the Commoner, in the issue of May 15, which pleased me very much: William Jennings Bryan did more crusading in various fields than anyone else and he was aware of the amount of prejudice and even enmity created by his various activities. Beginning in 1892 he aroused the prejudice of the high tariff people and in 1896, and for many years afterward, he was looked upon as the arch enemy of capitalism, which brought down upon his head the prejudice of the financial crowd.

In 1906 when he started the work for international peace, visiting the rulers of the world in that effort and preaching "The Prince of Peace," he stirred up to a white heat all the jingos and militarists, of which we have as many as any other country. They also became his bitter enemies.

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In 1912 when he began the fight on liquor we all know the bumper crop of enemies he made; he was attacked more viciously and there was greater scorn displayed, especially by the press of the cities, than we may find in any of his previous activities.

However, a few months before going to Dayton he was telling me of the different degrees of intensity of prejudice aroused by him, and it was our conclusion that his fight to save the Bible created more bitter feeling and enmity than any of the others.

There is no race, religious or political prejudice nowadays so uncompromising as the antagonism of the modernists toward the fundamentalists and vice versa.

Liberty and Werner and other critics of Mr. Bryan have a big field of prospective customers.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

THE CASE OF MRS. DENNETT

(Though we have received a number of letters similar in tenor to those printed below, lack of space compels us to say that no further correspondence can be published on this subject.—The Editors.)

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Where The Commonweal is quoted, it is most often referred to as a "liberal Catholic journal." But is it? I have my doubts.

The Commonweal has introduced but one new and major note into the scale of American Catholic journalism: i. e., urbanity. But urbanity is only a small part of the equipment of the liberal. The conservative is likely to be urbane, too: he can afford to be. On the other hand, the radical seems to glory in being a rowdy nuisance, which he cannot afford to be, if he considers an early hearing a desideratum.

This is where the liberal enters. While the manners of the radical may annoy him, he looks behind the manners into the matter. The matter acts as a cerebral stimulant, without begetting a cerebral hemorrhage. The liberal takes the matter, makes a palatable pill out of it and passes it to the conservative, who, still confusing manners with matter, may even swallow the pill.

Has The Commonweal peddled palatable pills? It has. Has there been anything in said pills but conservative Catholic religious dogma, conservative political or economic theory? There has not.

Yet the non-Catholic editor, pleased with The Commonweal's politeness, pays it the compliment of being "liberal."

I ask that The Commonweal justify the compliment. I ask it at this time especially because of the letter of the Right Reverend John L. Belford, which expresses mild displeasure at your recent editorial, The Case of Mrs. Dennett.

Liberalism connotes tolerance of opinion, the "broad-mindedness," which the Monsignor decries. Further, it implies a freedom of expression, which Monsignor Belford would limit to freedom of expression as to truth.

Concerning the matter under discussion, there are four answers to the query, "What is truth?" The answers of Monsignor Belford and Mrs. McGoldrick are opposed to those of Mrs. Dennett and Mrs. Sanger. The liberal will insist that each be heard.

The Commonweal has done this in its editorial comment, but a truly liberal journal would go farther. It would look as much askance at the lobbying of Catholic women on contraceptive measures as upon the lobbying of Protestant women on prohibition. While not questioning the obvious right of either of these groups to lobby, it would suggest that it is inexpedient for any church group to seek the aid of the state in enforcing its own views on moral questions. It would think it time that the human race outgrew force as an instrument of moral betterment. It would look upon the state, not as a super-organization, designed to control marital habits, or tastes in drinking or reading, but rather as a group of neighbors. It would not seek to use the name and cloak of the state for interference with the personal and private habits of any group of neighbors.

Each Catholic journal with which I am familiar is written for the conservative. The broadminded (catholic) Catholic deserves a journal, too. His beliefs are not necessarily weaker than those of the conservative, but their very strength means that he must tolerate equally strong, if opposite beliefs. I hope that The Commonweal will be edited for him.

DONALD POWELL.

Williamstown, Mass.

TO the Editor:—May I, for one, say that I am more than sorry that your editorial re Sanger, Dennett and McGoldrick was misread by anyone. I thought it particularly fine, and such a sane slant on a subject which is usually gone at in such a way as to confuse those seeking the truth. Nothing can help the Catholic Church more than the effort to make it clear where and when she is involved, and when and where she is not involved—to mention one item.

MARY K. ROOD.

LETTERS AND CENSORSHIP

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A reader deeply interested in the article, Letters and Censorship, by George N. Shuster, finds it difficult to accept even as a "somewhat paradoxical statement" that the Church, while negatively safeguarding its faithful from impulses toward evil in literature, is *"positively interested in upholding the separation of morals from literature."* (The italics as expressive of the reader's perturbation.) When one is told that the deciding factor in a play is not whether it "teaches a lesson but whether it is beautiful with an inkling of everlasting life," the thought would seem to follow, as night the day, that what is thus expressed illustrates in the very clearest way the teaching of a lesson. Conversely, the deciding factor in a book or play, no matter how exquisite one may consider its art, is whether it be "imbued with the spirit of Christ or is hostile to Him."

ALFRED YOUNG.

(The distinction in question is based on Saint Thomas's definitions of "sapientia" and "prudentia," which Mr. Young may find it interesting to examine.—G. N. S.)

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Along with all the admirable letters which Mr. Cuthbert Wright's article on Church music has evoked, comes from the pen of Mr. S. Twyman Mattingly a delicious instance of muddle. He even seems to think that the "tender airs" of "O Lord I am not worthy" are plain-chant! Mr. Mattingly may like to hear such stuff at Mass; but, if so, he must have a cast-iron aesthetic digestion. I find it difficult to pray during Mass because of the intrusions of ignorant choirs and choir-masters with their wholly irrelevant singing.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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BOOKS

The Jew In Our Midst

Christian and Jew: A Symposium for Better Understanding, edited by Isaac Landman. New York: Horace Liveright. $3.00.

AS INDICATED by the subtitle, this volume is devoted to bringing about a better understanding between Jews and Christians. It is a collection of short papers by men and women, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants. Among the contributors are Father Duffy, Senator Thomas Walsh, Zona Gale, Rabbi Wise, Dr. Cadman and Norman Angell. Incidentally, the blurb on the cover includes Norman Hapgood, who might well have contributed, but did not.

The very fact of such a book assumes a misunderstanding between Jews and Christians, and we need not blind ourselves to its existence. It is a challenge to our fundamental religion. And yet I am convinced that one of the best ways to overcome anti-Jewish prejudice is for Jews to keep their estimate of prejudice strictly within limits, to minimize antagonism as far as is consistent with the facts, to talk about all the fine relations between Jews and Christians rather than about the friction and misunderstanding and injustice.

Zona Gale puts the matter thus: "The fault of the Jew seems to me to lie in his cult—where this exists—of resentment for his wrongs. . . . If, instead of meeting wrong with resentment, the Jew could learn to have better manners than the Gentile and meet wrong with indifference or dignity, or even courtesy, no American Gentile could withstand such an attitude as that."

This is a large order, but does not the very largeness of it imply a correspondingly large estimate of the spiritual possibilities of those to whom it is addressed? And if such advice would come with better grace from a Jew to Jews, my excuse must be that I have said substantially the same thing to Catholics given to complaining of prejudice and bigotry and injustice.

Channing Pollack puts it well here when he says: "A good deal of most persecution is in the minds of the persecuted. The Jew imagines some of the prejudice against him in America, and makes too much of that 90 percent of the rest which arises from common ignorance. He begins to carry a chip on his shoulder. He must not stand aloof in bitter superiority, sensitive to silly hatred and quick to hate in return. He must not deny the faults and the objectionable traits that are his—as there are faults and objectionable traits in every race and in every individual. He must try to correct these, not to bristle at their mention."

At least one Jew in the symposium actually does this very thing of minimizing the amount of misunderstanding. Claude G. Montefiore writes: "In my young days ill-will between Christian and Jew was, so far as I was concerned, and in my own environment, unknown. In England I thought that it did not exist, and truly I believe that there was extremely little of it. I admit that there is more now, and yet I contend that there is not so *very much* more."

The Christian writers, on their side, are quite generous in admitting a beam in their own eye. They acknowledge most of them, a deal of prejudice and injustice. And some very good advice is given, such as that by John Erskine, to judge Jews as individuals. A few disagreeable experiences should not be generalized. It is undoubtedly a gain to see the situation in these terms. But the problem still remains of getting people in large numbers to take this advice. What can be done about that, except to repeat it in season and out of season?

On the whole, the book is good, but I could wish Rabbi Landman had done his editing rather more vigorously. Some of the papers seem rather irrelevant, and a few are calculated to increase antagonism rather than diminish it. Why should Dr. Collins's gibes at the conception of God held by many Jews and Christians have found a place here? Nor does it make us Catholics feel any better to have Rabbi Simon tell us so dogmatically: "There is no doubt that the religion of Jesus is not the Christian religion. What did Jesus know of original sin, transubstantiation, Immaculate Conception, atonement, papal infallibility, all the dogmas of the Apostles' or Nicene Creed?" And when Dr. Fagnani has a modernist axe to grind, someone else should turn the grindstone. It is rather impertinent to be told in effect that if only all of us become modernists—of Dr. Fagnani's brand—there will be no more Jewish-Christian antagonism. For first of all, as is recognized by some others in the symposium, the existing antagonism is more racial and social and economic than it is religious. And besides, as others point out, the problem is not to bring religious agreement, but to teach people to disagree agreeably. But even Rabbi Landman is not entirely guiltless of an unnecessary prick when he speaks of Christianity as a sect of Judaism.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Tell-Tale Clues

The King Murder, by Charles Reed Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Devil and the Deep Sea, by Elizabeth Jordan. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

AFTER reading two of the latest detective novels, one cannot but reflect that it would not be pleasant to be in S. S. Van Dine's shoes when that worthy popularizer of crime fiction steps through the pearly gates and is introduced to W. Shakespeare, G. de Maupassant, E. A. Poe, et. al. He has a lot to answer for. . . .

For example, The King Murder: "In a luxurious boudoir in a New York apartment the body of a beautiful young woman lay silent and immovable. There was no sign of violence, yet she had come to her death by the hand of a supercriminal who had done his work without leaving behind even a fingerprint." Now what could be more thrilling than to follow Mr. Leighton Swift, the detective, as he unravels these baffling enigmas? What could more successfully intrigue the intuition, puzzle the sense with tortuous involvements, and curdle the blood with scenes of deathly horror than this tale as one gropes through its tangles of dark, lurid crime? Well—"De gustibus non est disputandum," but it is my private opinion that a ride along the Potomac in a hansom cab would be more exciting. In short, I had the misfortune to guess the solution before the enthrallment had really got under way; and as there is nothing to distinguish The King Murder except interest in the identity of the murderer, the sole emotion roused by the book was pity at the author's naive attempts to get the story all raveled up.

The Devil and the Deep Sea is the title of the second volume—indeed a suggestive title for such a tepid tale. The author hoped to interest the reader by having a rich old spinster die and leave her fortune to her wild young relations only on condition that they live together in her house for a period of months after her death, observe punctual hours, dine together,

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and—the pièce de résistance—listen in solitary darkness to speaking records full of advice which the old lady was so thoughtful as to perpetuate before her departure from this wicked world. We are further mystified by hints that one of the profligate youngsters may have poisoned the old lady the sooner to come into her money. Despite the reader's courteous efforts to rouse some feelings over this lead, however, nothing comes of it; we learn that the old lady died of her own good reasons, and meanwhile the young people reform and all ends happily—except for the afore-mentioned reader, the supposed courteous gentleman who has valorously resisted sleep right through to the end.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

The Queen's Own Time

A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780, by Oliver Elton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.00.

THE eighteenth century was not particularly distinguished for spiritual vitality or philosophic depth. But, at least in England, it was a great literary time, when the native exuberances of the race had been curbed by respect for classic norms into a fine humor and a captivating realism. Dr. Elton's present offering of two volumes is in the nature of a succinct critical outline. No doubt the many readers of his A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780, will turn to it eagerly. Few standard commentaries have either the charm or lucidity of this now famous work, which welds scholarship and literary skill with a success quite infrequently achieved. The new survey may, I believe, safely be described as superior to its predecessor. In some respects, indeed, it is more attractive than the subject-matter it discusses.

Memoirs and letters formed an important part of the period's literary effort, so that Lord Chesterfield and Mrs. Montagu are almost as significant as the novelists themselves. Dr. Elton is especially interested in these last, however, and his analysis of Fielding and Sterne combines the best research with personal appreciation. The favorite topics—Johnson, the essayists, comedy—are likewise set forth in a manner the students will commend. These books are by no means objective (I find myself in frequent disagreement with them) but they present a point of view and a series of appraisals worthy of respect.

Material adjacent to these central concerns has not always received the attention it merits. Though several critics have traced the lineage of the Romantic poets into the eighteenth century, Dr. Elton's remark that "the poetic senses of Collins were reborn in Keats" will probably surprise many. The status of Gray is likewise set forth discerningly, and little so good has been written about Chatterton. In discussing philosophy from Berkeley to Monboddo, our author is possibly a little rationalistic, but he compensates for this by dealing competently with the Wesleys—indispensable links, certainly, in the development of Romanticism.

It is a satisfactorily complete, well-documented outline, which will doubtless be given a welcome commensurate with its deserts. If our whole literary history could be rewritten in the same spirit, delving into it would become a pleasure few would willingly forego. May one not hope that some of those who now feel convinced students should be fed on excerpts, presented in a more or less arbitrary anthological form, may be led to investigate the solid charm of Dr. Elton's work and so to reshape their too arbitrary stand?

PAUL CROWLEY.

Fortunes in Contraband

Jubilee Jim: The Life of Colonel James Fisk, jr., by Robert H. Fuller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS unusually readable presentation of an ephemeral figure in New York finance owes its appeal to the striking picture of its time rather than the importance of its subject. Cast in the form of a biographical novel, it presents vignettes of many figures which held the front page of their day but left little permanent impress upon the country, however large (and in many instances maladroit) the influence they exercised upon the financial, political or social life of the hour. Fisk himself achieved within a brief period an extraordinary business success, rising, like another and more celebrated and recent figure, from the obscurity of a Vermont village. The son of an itinerant tin peddler, he began, within the confines of a traveling circus, the development of those versatile talents as a showman which characterized throughout his life his Barnum-like gift for publicity. By turns peddler, commercial traveler and department-store organizer, he became one of the first war profiteers of the Civil struggle. While commercially serving the government, he laid the foundations of a fortune in contraband cotton.

In the late sixties he joins the then unknown Jay Gould, cuts his financial wisdom teeth under the severe dental direction of Uncle Dan'l Drew, loses a fortune to him, and in turn takes one from him; captures, wrecks and aids in the rehabilitation of the Erie Railroad, displaying remarkable capacity for agricultural relief in the form of watered stock. Ever the showman, Fisk became the colonel of the Ninth New York, and, during the Orange riots of '69, executed a Fabian retreat in the form of a personal rear-guard action that carried him from the centre of the riot through the backyards of the West Side to obscurity and safety. But so enamored was he of uniforms that he ran the Fall River Line, which he organized, as "Admiral Fisk," in gorgeous trappings of his own design. He and Jay Gould, in a curious, perverse and extraordinary background of political intrigue, started the famous "gold corner" that culminated in the "Black Friday" of '69—the crisis which threatened widespread commercial ruin, ultimated in disaster to himself and Gould, and, under the mutterings of the frustrated Colonel, sought to involve the good name of General Grant. Fortunately, it was made clear that the Colonel's reckless tongue and his own unscrupulous effort to involve Mrs. Grant's relatives in his dealings were the sole basis for his unfounded charges.

The doughty Colonel lacked neither business courage nor versatility. He did not hesitate to fight Commodore Vanderbilt, from whom he won a draw, and he found time to promote and manage the first presentations of French opera bouffe in New York. Fisk's partnerships, speculations, promotions and litigations led him into every field of political, financial, and, indeed, social activity. With him, about him, against him, around him, appear, as the play progresses, sinister political figures, dominant railroad developers, the shrewdest, the most daring and the least scrupulous commercial gamblers of his day. The suggestions of legislative and judicial corruption which the careful inquiries of the author reveal and imply, make our own age seem comparatively virtuous. The Colonel's appearance before congressional investigating committees is suggestive of recent events. But the Colonel behaved with an audacity and amusing impudence which, practised less skilfully and successfully by comparative amateurs in recent Senate investigations, resulted in drastic penalties.

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Robert Fuller, author of this unusual method of treating a man and a period, did not live to see his work in print. The evidence of research which lies within his easily read pages is worthy of a loftier subject and a finer theme, but he was evidently engaged by the picturesque audacity, the extraordinary success and the generous good humor that helped to obscure the utter lack of morality or responsibility in the character of Fisk. If the Colonel's beginnings were obscure, his end was sensational and tragic. The victim of the jealousy and envy of an ungrateful beneficiary, he died to find monumental fame under a marble shaft reared by his fellow Vermonters. That shaft, thought his biographer, fittingly commemorated in its chipped Italian marble the Colonel's odd career, "striking from many aspects, picturesque, but blemished."

A postscript by Charles E. Hughes pays an unusual and handsome tribute to the dead author, Robert Fuller. A journalist of unusual gifts, a keen observer, a man of integrity and capacity, he became, in the words of Mr. Hughes, "the governor's secretary and confidante."

JAMES A. EMERY.

John Adams's Daughter

Colonel Smith and Lady, by Katherine Metcalf Roof. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

STRACHEY and André Maurois will have to expiate much, I am afraid, in the purgatory for authors, if there is anything in the theory of responsibility by good example. They have a biographical style which seems very easy to imitate and is anything but that. Colonel Smith and his lady have suffered from a too laboriously sprightly treatment, which is a pity, for the material is excellent.

These diaries and old letters which are coming to light are just far enough removed from those who wrote them to make their publication possible without intruding upon the privacy of their descendants, as would have been the case a generation ago. They are really a very valuable contribution to American history besides being material for a first-class biographical novel. Colonel Smith's lady, John Adams's daughter, is a typical American girl and matron of her period, the completely American product of the English colonies in America. The author has pieced together from letters and diaries the sort of family life which has been forgotten under the new dispensation; the sort of life in which character was formed and strengthened; the sort of family from which the founders of America came as a matter of course. Nothing is more natural than that her brother, John Quincy Adams, brought up by such a mother, the companion of such a father, and the intimate friend of such a sister, should succeed his father as President of the United States. It is a real aristocracy.

The lady's comments on her life in France and in England, when she and her mother had joined John Adams in Europe, portray a clear-sighted and charming little person, very sane and self-possessed, quite ready to welcome the pleasures of the great capitals, but distinguishing perfectly between their pleasures and their dissipations.

One would like to hear more of her association with her father's friends "the three abbés," who are "persons who exclude themselves by their vows from marrying," and who were such brilliant and witty conversationalists, present so frequently at the intimate gatherings with Jefferson, Franklin, John Paul Jones and all the rest.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Domar and the Rest

A Buttonwood Summer, by Aline Kilmer. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

WHAT does a family do when it leaves for its summer home? In the present instance, which includes a number of children, an uncle, a police dog and incidentally a mother, the question is never definitely answered. The Buttonwood crowd does not lose its way into fairyland or stumble upon one of those frightful mysteries which used to present themselves so conveniently whenever anybody wished to write a book for youngsters. There is simply the perpetual motion of every day—the demise of the canary, the exploits of Domar the dog, the politics of domesticity, the temper of Uncle Bunkle and the well-known peculiarities of human nature. The whole is almost as tangled and entertaining as a three-ringed circus.

Such delightful, fragrant writing! It substitutes actual closeness to the lives and minds of children for the attempt to drug their imaginations; and so every detail has the feel and the tingle of reality, is conserved in a design woven by observation alone. One can hardly think of more engaging youngsters than Grig or Emmy, who are both lovable and troubling without having to turn into machines for the production of antics. I am also very fond of Domar, who seems to get a great deal of fun out of simply being a police dog uninfluenced by the movies. The publishers say that this book is intended for children between the ages of eight and eleven. One wishes, however, that every mother would read it for enjoyment's sake. Such elvish, genuine lore about children is as rare as good gingham and not less precious.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

More Darkness on India

Slaves of the Gods, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

MRS. MAYO here recasts in a slightly different form the diatribes that gave substance to Mother India. She has added nothing new to her onslaught against the conditions she has observed and so vividly described. Indeed in her preface she accepts as justified a criticism against her first book which is equally applicable to her latest. The Right Reverend Henry Whitehead, for twenty-three years Lord Bishop of the great Indian diocese of Madras, wrote her that Mother India "leaves an impression of hopeless pessimism." One feels that every incident she relates cries for rectification of the conditions that brought it about but Mrs. Mayo, herself, is responsible for the emotion of hopelessness which immediately follows.

If report can be believed, she has spent a good many years in India; she has talked with many other men and women who have seen much more than she, who have given a lifetime to the work of helping India's masses. From these conversations and from her own experience she has not evolved a single suggestion looking toward an effective remedy of the evils she inveighs against. No more does she indicate a possible avenue of readjustment than she promptly closes it with the obstacle of a long-established and unalterable custom. It is because of this that one is left with the possibly unjust but none the less logical conclusion that Mrs. Mayo is not particularly concerned with solving a problem but is merely bent on capitalizing an experience.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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Briefer Mention

Pierre, by Herman Melville. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

RAPIDLY growing interest in Melville has created a demand for his less accessible books. Whether many people will actually read through Pierre, a sombre and darkly allegorical study of frustrated idealism, is a query the optimist should hesitate to confront. Read a few chapters and you will see that Melville was here headed straight for the deeps, unconscious of the looks of his story and sometimes even indifferent to his diction. Nevertheless it is a puzzling, compelling, deeply moving book, having some of the romantic essence which later flavored Rimbaud, Baudelaire and their ilk. The present reprint has the advantage of a chatty preface by H. M. Tomlinson (who hardly does himself justice) and an introduction by John Brooks Moore (who well-nigh challenges the intelligence of his fellow-men).

L'Evangile et les Evangiles, by Joseph Huby. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 12 francs.

THOUGH La Vie Chrétienne, a French series of books about the Catholic faith edited by Maurice Brillant, has long since proved its claim to distinction, the present volume by Père Huby marks, we believe, an ascent to new heights. The distinguished author of Christus, which is still almost the best work on the Christian sources to have been written by a Catholic scholar, here discards most of the paraphernalia of research and gives the "average reader" the gist of all that is known regarding the Gospels. Fundamentally, the argument is simple: the oral Gospel is antecedent to the four written Gospels, and a solution of the difficulties of interpretation which arise must always recognize this fact.

The Quest of God, by Casper S. Yost. New York: Fleming H. Revell. $1.50.

THE QUEST OF GOD is a journalist's view of certain fundamental religious truths, such as the existence of God, freedom of the will, personal immortality. It is by a layman, to appeal to laymen. Undoubtedly it will prove helpful to many a troubled soul. In Catholic circles particularly, we need more of this persuasive writing on religious questions to put flesh on the arguments of text-books that are too academic. Although not by a Catholic, and having some things Catholics would not approve of, yet Yost's book might profitably be used as supplementary reading in our classes in philosophy. It will prove useful, too, for the parish priest who wishes to hand a modern treatise to some average unbeliever.

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